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Title: A Heart Torn

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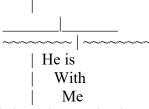
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Two years have past since my home lands were destroyed, or rather lost. I watched as those I knew and loved so dearly were torn apart, beaten, maimed, and charred. The beast that did this have no hearts, no compasion, no mercy. They know only vengeance, cruelty, death, and pilaging. Ever do they cherish their golden items, their treasures! What about my treasures!?!?! My treasures were my family, my friends, my comrads. I was tortured in a way. Incapaciated early in the battle, I was unable to fight and thus unoticed by the beasts. My torture was to watch and wait as my friends died, as they moand in pain and agony. Their pain did not end for many hours. I could not step forward and even try to fight, nor could I shed a single tear. I had calmly listened to the dying request of an old comrade. He said to me, "Missy my dear, stand your ground. Someone must survive to bring vengeance! It must be you. Take my sword and my shield. Lay in wait till the beasts be gone, err they tear you to bits like the lot of us." Around this time I had begun to cry, but no sooner had I begun then I stopped. With one comanding voice we all

listened to, he said,
"Some warrior you be!
Crying now to a man
soon to die. Crying
before your comrades. We
have no need for your
tears, not now, not until
you have avenged us! Now!
stop your fulishness and
be silent. My best
regards my dear, and
remeber, Breakfast well,
for tonight we dine in
Hell. Good .........." Bye my
friend.

He died there beside me, finaly silent, finaly able to move on to the Lost Isle. I have never shed another tear in my life, nor have I ever backed down from a fight. Once the night had come, and the groans of my comrades had faded. I climbed from the grass, out of the blood. Away from the seas of blood, away from the seas of charred ashes, away from the bodies of my friends, away from the corpses of mine enemies. I have not wandered far from those enemies. I lurke in the shadows. Ever waiting, ever pondering the very moment that I will have my vengeance. I will protect the inoccent and defend these lands. I will uphold the truth and laws of this land. Someday I will erect the land of Elvenmoore. My tower shrine and sacntuary. But, that shall be after my vengeance. After this finaly shall I cry again for my comrades. I shall shed the tears I have never shed, the tears that have built up for more than 2 years. Minax will be found, and she shall pay for what she has done to me, my

comrades, the people of this land, and to all others! Anyone who does stand before me and dare try stop me hear me now. You will not live to tell your tale of a woman driven into the deepest shadows of her mind, a woman who has dwelled on here dark thoughts, a woman nearly driven insane by the thoughts she had, a woman who was torn from herself by the ever lasting rage and the vile crimes she has comited. Forty perfectly inoccent persons have fallen to my blade, forty have gone beneath my boot, that is one too many of inoccents that have perish out of my rage, out of my quest to burn off the fires that are in my heart! Thus, forty more my enemies shall feel my vengeance forty times over for each one that the rage they caused has killed! Join me and The Paladins of Britania. Join us to defeat the evils of this land, and Minax! Her armies are in legion even now! To battle!! Breakfast well, for tonight we dine in Hell!!!! But a beutiful Hell it shall be. My vengeance delt, my sorrow ended, my mourning finaly able to be done, finaly able to die happy, finaly able to comit to god, finaly to end the killings. See you on the Lost Isle.



{The only tear that has escaped me since that night stains this page}